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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"WHO DREAMS SHALL LIVE"

Who dreams shall live! And if we do not dream
Then we shall build no Temple into Time.
Yon dust cloud, whirling slow against the sun,
Was yesterday's cathedral, stirred to gold
By heedless footsteps of a passing world.
The faiths of stone and steel are failed of proof,
The King who made religion of a Sword
Passes, and is forgotten in a day.
The crown he wore rots at a lily's root,
The rose unfurls her banners o'er his dust.

The dreamer dies, but never dies the dream,
Though Death shall call the whirlwind to his aid,
Enlist men's passions, trick their hearts with hate,
Still shall the Vision live! Say nevermore
That dreams are fragile things. What else endures
Of all this broken world save only dreams!

—*Dana Burnet*

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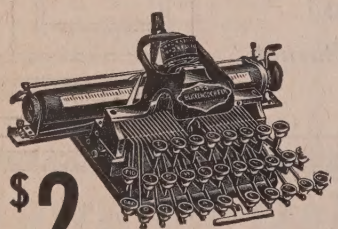

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1917 NUMBER 2

LIFE, THE BUILDER

When Life, the Builder, demands more room,
He calls his servant, Death,
And bids him take to the earth once more,
The body, of form and breath;
But he keeps for himself, of course,
The timeless worth of the whole;
All love, all light, all truth,
All thought, and hope, and force;

And builds them again a form more rare,
To house the advancing soul;
With a joy more deep and a faith more fair,
Than ever it owned before;
For Life, the Builder, is lord of Youth,
And master of Death and Pain;
And weights the balance with absolute ruth,
On the side of permanent gain.

Carmel, California. EMELINE HARRINGTON.

"China's final blow to opium—the curse of centuries will soon vanish." So says the *Pekin Gazette* as quoted in the *Literary Digest*. China leads the hosts that in the United States are engaged in dealing the final blow to a greater poison than opium, a far more dangerous, because more pervasive and available, intoxicant—alcohol.

Perhaps the antidote to the "over-movied" community is more movies. The *Popular Science Monthly* promises a time when movies can become as much a popular home luxury as is now the stereoscope and stereopticon. Anything to allay the fever of curiosity! When people begin to get sick of the show because of its availability, they may begin to profit by the legitimate use of the same. The "movie" represents a momentous triumph of science gone wrong, a splendid achievement of man, mis-used.

The following "exercise in English" came to light through some of the "Lend a Hand" workers at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. It is not a bad study in English but it is a better study in sociology and leads directly into the hand of religion.

MY FATHER.

My Father is a well grown man, he is about six feet tall. His age is thirty-seven years old. He is a good looking man. He does not chew but he smokes a pipe or a cigeratte. I like my father because he has a happy disposition. He has gray hair, black eyes. He has a mustache, but he has no beard. My father was born in Austria. He works in the I. C. R. R. shops. His work is making rivets which you put in the car to hold the car together.

When he comes home from work he takes the paper and reads it. He likes my mother because she makes my father good soupe. I like my father because he is good to me.

The *Christian Evangelist* has an ominous prediction of a "vanishing Protestanism" and a "growing Catholicism" because statistics show the more rapid increase of birth rates in Catholic than in Protestant circles. This is materialism with a vengeance. It means that Catholicism and Protestantism are physical entities, a matter of noses. The higher truth is that both these are spiritual conditions, attitudes of mind, exercises of wit, plain matters of intelligence; not birth rates but school statistics. Religion is to find expression more and more by the consent and encouragement of the educators. The Catholicism feared by our contemporary is not a matter of birth but a matter of education. The school master will have something to say about the religion of the future. We fondly believe that there is a "vanishing Protestantism" and a "growing catholicism," but it will not be the protestantism of free thought or the Catholicism of Rome. Don't be scared, brethren. Just you keep moving and the religion of tomorrow will keep pace with the intelligence of tomorrow.

The "appeal to history" is a dangerous and treacherous path to travel. The wise official in the government office when asked for facts bearing on the tariff problem inquired: "On which side do you want the facts?" So militarist and pacifist appeal to history. The bellicose R. A. White, Bishop Fallows and President Judson can quote history in the interest of guns as glibly as the pacifists do in the interest of peace. For instance, our neighbor and colleague, Rev. R. A. White, at a recent meeting of the City Club asked for "any case where a weak nation has been respected by a more peaceful nation when the smaller nation stood in the way of its economic or military advantage." We do not know about the economic and military advantages, but history seems to have been partial to Greece and Palestine; the premier of Great Britain today is a representative of the vanquished Welsh race; a grandson of the defeated Kossuth was recently President of the Austro-Hungarian senate; Scotland, Finland, Poland, Hungary, to say nothing of Switzerland and Holland and the Scandinavian powers, have been negligible units in the military manoeuvers of the world, but they count for something in the respect of nations. Read deeper, brother. What has become of your great triumphant militant nations? What about the triumphs of Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon? What nation has survived a thousand years by virtue of its "economic" and "military" prow-

ess? But then we know that Brother White reads his New Testament every Sunday and believes in universal brotherhood—at least after death. Perhaps war measures are commendable because they increase the immigration into those celestial realms where all men eventually are saved, according to the faith of our brother.

The United States—Pace Maker or Peace Maker

Abstract of lecture by Mr. Charles Zueblin, Boston, delivered at South Side Forum, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, March 4, 1917.

Scientific proposals are needed to induce permanent peace. When war is upon us we spend incredible millions and endure unheard-of suffering. The chief torture demanded of us to forestall these calamities is fearless thought. We have over 20,000 miles of coast line to protect, eight times that of England, twenty-five times that of France. We must supplement the navy with a merchant marine. We shall go neither unarmed nor carrying concealed deadly weapons. We shall not talk about peace and prepare for war. We shall make peace profitable. We must move toward free trade. While protectionist sentiment has been steadily growing in Great Britain, the Southern States and other free trade territory war makes free trade imperative. Protective and revenue tariffs are the proposals of children playing with bombs. We must meet each nation cordially and generously, with reciprocal tariffs and reciprocal patents.

America must revise its attitude toward immigration. We can only admit people as fast as we can assimilate them, but there must be no discrimination against European nor Asiatic immigrants. We can admit freely Asiatics as well as Europeans up to the numbers we can assimilate in any year, if our native labor is protected by law and organizations so that no aliens are employed while natives are unemployed and immigrants are compelled to accept the American standard of living. We must face frankly the question of the density of population. China, Japan and Germany are all overcrowded. The United States can hold hundreds of millions more with comfort and profit. It is chimerical to try to monopolize this land for the handful of people in it, while other nations are overcrowded. The only correctives for density of population are emigration and a rising standard of living. The congested nations must have an outlet. The standard of all nations will rise as the working people get their share of production.

The United States must develop a solidarity now lacking. No matter how insuperable the obstacles seem, economic justice must be done to the negro; unions must be recognized and encouraged; home rule for each community must prevent a conflict of local, state, and national legislation; and all transportation and communication must be socialized. A unified nation is impossible with railways, express, telephone, and telegraph in private hands.

America must recognize that militarism cannot be abolished by prayer or fasting, but only by a reasonable counter-proposal. America must have a working army. Every girl, as well as every boy, should be a conscript to public service. A year of each young life should be given to public works. This will incidentally inculcate a sound patriotism harmonious with universal, as well as national well-being. It will take care of the surplus labor that makes a fringe of poverty choking the life of each community. It will furnish an opportunity for vocational training in which young people can experiment in life and the nation select its soldiers, engineers, nurses, and social workers. No man shall be set aside primarily for murder. The army shall be a working army, not a standing army.

The United States can carry the olive branch to other countries only as it proves its sincerity. It already enjoys a great prestige because of its relations to Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. It can come into similar friendly relations with the world by proving that conquest is futile, solidarity feasible, and permeation scientific.

WILSON.

Patience—but peace of heart we cannot choose;
Now would he wish us cravenly to keep
Aloof in soul, who—large in statesmanship
And justice—sent our ships to Vera Cruz.
Patience must wring our hearts, while we refuse
To launch our country on that crimson deep
Which breaks the dikes of Europe, but we sleep
Watchful, still waiting by the awful fuse.

Wisdom he counsels, and he counsels well
Whose patient fortitude against the fret
And sneer of time has stood inviolable
We love his goodness and will not forget.
With him we pause beside the mouth of hell:—
The wolf of Europe has not triumphed yet.

—Boston Transcript. *—Percy MacKaye.*

I say wisdom is gathered on foot, along country roads. Collect your ideas where you can: from alley, boulevard, office, lecture hall, theater, dinner-table, library, wharf, picture gallery, street car, opera house, curbstone or court room; but test them on the road. Confronted with the realities of soil and salt water and the character shaped by these, they will look vastly less momentous or vastly more so.

Seymour Deming.

The Atlantic Monthly.

THE PULPIT

Genesis—"Beginnings"

A Hebrew Idyl of the Fourth Century B. C. Brought Down to Date

V.

The Problems of Labor

A Sermon Preached December 10, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

May the radiance of this day, the joy of this season, the peace of our homes and the opportunities of this church warm our hearts, quicken our minds, and stir our consciences. Father, open our ears that they may hear the cry of the needy; open our eyes that they may see the burden of the oppressed. But none the less, O Father, open our ears to hear the "music of the spheres," our eyes to see the glory of our times, to catch the radiance of our age. O God, we would be strong in our toil, cheerful in our labor, hopeful under our burdens. Amen.

And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—Genesis, IX:17-20.

This old poet was mistaken. Labor is not a curse but a blessing, not the result of sin but the result of man's upward climb. Toil is man's high achievement. It brings not a curse but the profoundest strength. As I have urged over and over again in this course of study of the Old Testament story, man is distinguished by the hand, and the hand is skilled to use tools. Man has been well defined as a tool-using animal. Still more profoundly might it be said that he is a tool-making animal. The nearest approach in the lower realm of life to the using of tools is among some tribes of the Simian family, the higher monkeys. They do sometimes seize a club in self defense, but they cannot detach that club from the tree or shape it to their clumsy hands. It is for man to shape his tools and in that way to rise far above his surroundings and become master of circumstances. By virtue of toil man has defied the elements, conquered the forests, made hospitable the inhospitable realms of nature, beaten back the encroachments of winter, and made continuous the supply of food which nature yields only spasmodically.

Still, the ancient story clouds our lives. The race is still in the toils of the conceit that labor is a disaster. However prophet, poet or philanthropist may glorify labor, the plain truth is that the working philosophy of today shuns labor, avoids sweat and is too often ashamed of the grime that belongs therewith. Boys and girls rush through college courses, hoping to prepare themselves to avoid the curse of vulgar toil, the shame of honest sweat. The economic travail of today has for its object a permanent provision for our wants, present and future, real or imaginary. Men still toil reluctantly out of season and beyond their strength, hoping for a competency that will put their children, if not themselves, beyond the need of drudgery.

But labor does bring its curse. The sweated multitude is burdened with loads it can scarcely carry. Men do grow old prematurely from too much work. They stagger under their burdens; they fall in the road and are unable to rise again. They are trampled in the mud by the on-rushing column, and it would seem that the more work they do the heavier the burden becomes.

Man is not only a tool user but a tool maker. Modern life is the creation of industry, and civilization is built thereon. In the art galleries of the World's Fair in 1893, a German, by the name of Dettman, exhibited a notable picture in three panels illustrating this Genesis story. On the left was a beautiful, highly conventionalized garden, a' bloom with white flowers, through which ran the winding trail of a serpent that lay basking in the foreground. The centerpiece was full of thorns and weeds, and men and women were busy in trying to extract a meager living from a reluctant earth. In this picture were the symbols of sorrow and death. On the right was a panel which indicated the only sure escape from the curses of the center picture. It was the escape taught by current theology. It was an attempt to present to the eye the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." It was a glorified cross and a radiant future in another world where alone the soul would find release. But this picture was noticeable not only for its artistic triumph but on account of its unusual and solitary theology, for this treatment of labor was quite exceptional in those vast galleries. Into every room and from every country master artists sent their tribute to labor. The American glass-blower, the German flax barn, the Russian mushroom gatherers, the dressmakers of Denmark, an old clock-maker from Canada, our own Eastman Johnson's cranberry harvesters are samples of the line of pictures that set labor in the foreground for the time being. The artists of labor did not refrain from going into the hot and hard corners of human toil. They showed us men building mighty steamships, struggling with sizzling iron, facing the awful inferno of the rolling mill, railroad trains loaded with seekers after toil, the great embarkation of mighty ships, loaded with emigrants daring grim ocean voyages to seek for no greater blessing than the opportunity to work. These were the better and truer interpretations of the toil and life of today.

Ruskin was distressed by modern machinery. His sensitive nerves recoiled from the smoke of the rolling mill; he bemoaned the railroad trains and their mirky trails of dirty smoke. But Ruskin reckoned not well with growing civilization, for through, by and with the machine must the burden of human life be eventually lifted and the toiler find his rest and consolation. Wiser than Ruskin is Haganbroeck of Holland, whose studio we visited about a year ago. This man said that his art Bible was our own Stanley Lee's "Voice of the Machine." We found his studio full of attempts to glorify and honor sweat, sweat in its direst form. His canvases were alive with machinery, full of the sweat that goes with glass-blowing, iron-making, bridge-building and what not.

He put his Madonnas into the blazing light of the furnace. He led eager little children to their father carrying him refreshment and nourishment in the midst of toil. One great unfinished canvas represented a quarry in a mountain side which was being torn, riven and polished by the hand of man. The point of this study was not the mountain, nor yet the big blocks of granite that were being quarried there, but the fact that man, weak man, with only his fingers and thumbs as his original endowment, was dismantling the mountain and actually changing the face of the world. It was a daring attempt to put human nature in the forefront of the creative forces of nature. Man is picking up the work where nature laid it down, completing the Genesis story. This is the conception of toil justified by history and by human experience. To those who are willing to study it frankly and thoroughly, the question is not how to avoid but how to enhance the business of the world.

It is the trail a serpent has drawn through human life, human toil, the vicious distinction between "skilled" and "unskilled" labor. We talk of "common" labor, followed by those unfit for any higher vocation, as "unskilled." Tried by any fair test there is no "unskilled" labor. All labor is skilled, highly skilled. Try yourself. Take a milk-pail and go out and milk a cow; take an ax and chop a single armful of wood without chopping your foot. Yes, take a hod full of bricks or mortar and climb the ladder to the upper stories of a building under construction, and see if the work being done there is "unskilled." The very ability to walk on two legs is organized skill, the result of ages of discipline. We would fall and stumble and crawl like our far-off ancestors were it not for acquired skill, the result of dexterous combinations of brain and muscle painfully acquired.

We cannot study labor without running into that other verity we call capital. What is capital? Yesterday's toil. What is capital? Canned industry. What is capital? Accumulated sweat. Every dollar, from whatever source, in the last analysis is glorified and made valuable by human sweat, past, present or prospective. Capital is yesterday's toil organized, or the result of tomorrow's toil anticipated and exploited.

I had an informing talk this week with a manufacturer lately returned from Bordeaux, where he had been looking after his business of glove-making. For three months he had been on the firing line or near it. It was pathetic to hear him tell how, in that war-ridden realm, money is plentiful, everybody is busy, the streams that have torn down through the mountain gorges unharnessed for millenniums, are now harnessed and at work. Away up in every little valley, wherever man can catch a stream, it has been harnessed, and with its help men, women and children, too, are making munitions, more munitions, and ever more munitions. Women have broken through the exclusions of trade unions because they are needed in making more munitions. There are no tourists to be seen, but the hotels are full of Americans in the munition business.

In England, he said, trade is good; in London there is a splendid market for the highest quality of gloves. Women who have never before presumed to wear kid gloves are now wearing them because there is plenty of money. Now all this money in France and England represents not past but prospective toil, not capital, nor labor, but only credit. These munition makers are demonstrating the possibilities and resources of human nature when working in co-operation. But, alas, they are robbing the future, impoverishing the unborn, menacing posterity. On the other hand, those who would exploit capital, past labor, independent of present labor, are in danger of dehumanizing the dollars they represent. The moment they draw a line between capital and labor and make of the laborer a third commodity, a third something, not toil, nor the direction of toil, but a something to be bought and sold, with which the directors of toil exploit the toiler, you have the "labor problem."

The first step in the solution of this problem is to glorify toil, welcome the machine, rejoice in its triumph, for it is all the extension of a man's hand. All machines are the evolved and elaborated weapons with which man is to fight his way against the ungracious and inhospitable forces of nature, and thus enlarge the boundaries of the field, making the swamp to grow breadstuffs, the desert to bloom and the sea to yield its treasures to disarm the terrors of old age. It is all splendid. More machines and not less is the hope of the world, for they are the extension of mind as well as the re-enforcement of body.

Scott Nearing, in his last book, traces the journey of a machine-made loaf of bread, which ought to be the best bread in the world, because it is made according to the formulas of science, which are accurate, consistent, continuous. The best of housewives has her "luck" and her "ill-luck" in her baking, but there is only "luck" in the laboratory of the modern bread factory. This machine, at its best, costs a hundred thousand dollars to install, but you put in the flour at one end and in its journey of a thousand feet it is kneaded, rolled, shaped and baked, and the perfect product is ready at the end of two hours. Fifty thousand of these loaves are made in the course of a night, while the eaters of bread are asleep. No careless human hand has touched this product from the time the flour leaves the bag until the loaf is offered, wrapped in tissue paper. What a triumph of man is this extension of his hand!

Any little farmer up in Wisconsin takes his milk from the cow, passes it through a process in which no human hand touches it until it is ready for the market. Because all this is a machine-made, it is all the more man-made, all the more brain-made and eventually all the more sure to redound to the credit and glory of man.

But this triumph will not come until we reconcile ourselves, not to the curse of Adam, but to the triumph of man. We must rejoice in the railroad, glory in the steamship, aye, welcome the roar of the iron mill and see its beauty, like our Dutch painter, recognizing it as a revelation of the power of mind over matter, a spiritual achievement. It is thus that man becomes a co-laborer with God.

There is something the matter with our minds. We have been neglectful of our culture if we cannot see beauty and poetry in toil, the hardest, aye, the dirtiest of toil.

The poet of revolt, Arturo Giovanniti, has been able to describe the poetry of the mechanical world, of the new world, of steam and electricity, as I think

no other man in recent poetry has done. The lines were written in his cage, bound by the cold bars of the prison. He heard the great outside world, how it

Throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared outside of the great greenish room the terrible whirl of life, and most pleasant was the hymn of its mighty polyphony to the listening ears of the gods.

Whirred the wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks, the riveters crepitated and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils.

Like the chests of wrathfully toiling Titans, heaved and sniffed and panted the sweaty boilers, like the hissing of dragons sibilated the jets of steam, and the sirens of the workshops shrieked like angry hawks flapping above the crags of a dark and fathomless chasm.

The files screeched and the trains thundered, the wires hummed, the dynamos buzzed, the fires crackled; and like a thunderclap from the cyclopean forge roared the blasts of the mines.

Wonderful and fierce was the mighty symphony of the world, as the terrible voices of metal and fire and water cried out into the listening ears of the gods the furious song of human toil.

Out of the chaos of sound, welded in the unison of one will to sing, rose clear and nimble the divine accord of the hymn.

Out of the cañons of the mountains,
Out of the whirlpools of the lakes,
Out of the entrails of the earth,
Out of the yawning gorges of hell,
From the land and the sea and the sky
And from whatever comes bread and wealth and joy,

And from the peaceful abodes of men rose majestic and fierce, louder than the roar of the volcano and the bellow of the typhoon, the anthem of human labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

This gifted Italian landed on our shores at seventeen years of age, a penniless immigrant, passed through all the dire experiences of hunger, thwarted ambition, bruised ideals, that he might sing the song of labor in the vernacular of today, such a song as John Ruskin, the interpreter of art, the sensitive child of the best culture that England could offer, the inheritor of refinement, could not hear and did not see in the machine.

There is something mightily wrong in our mental adjustment when we are obliged to consider the labor problem in terms of cold and hunger, when we have continually to remind ourselves that we have only limited supplies of the products of toil. The old fear of the political economist was that this world would overdraw accounts on its capital stock, that human life would defeat itself by over-populating the world; but this fear is gone. Now we are confident that man, laboring with and upon the uncounted resources of nature, will be able to meet all the increasing demands of man on this globe. The only trouble is with the distribution, not with the production. There is plenty of everything if it could only be passed around. There is a congestion somewhere between the capitalist and the pauper.

The study of this problem clearly shows that the great burden of crime, degeneracy and disease comes not so much as the direct result of vice as an indirect result of unfair and inadequate distribution. There has been recently made an intensive study of the death rate in some of the great industrial cities of our nation. These revelations were most significant. The highest death rate of babies on record in the United States was in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and in that portion of the city which was unpaved and where there was no sewerage.

Man makes machines, machines make cities, and cities are found incompetent to distribute the products of men and machines in such a way as to make life not only possible but joyous all around.

What? Slums in a city while there are "Lake Shore Drives" and avenues and boulevards teeming with automobiles? This is a mighty arraignment of that city. It is a confession of failure. I will not discuss this problem this morning, for I must not anticipate the Cain call which will be our subject next Sunday: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yea, verily!

Recent investigation shows that the minimum wage which gives the barest necessities of shelter, food to keep strong, clothing to keep warm, requires, in a small town, $450, and that the minimum wage which brings a possibility of cleanliness and sanitation, a life amenable to social privileges, the development of mind, a varied diet, Sunday clothing and a degree of recreation, requires $800 in a small town and $900 in a large city. Yet the same investigation discovers that 75 per cent of our city wage earners are getting less than $600, which is considerably below the minimum wage.

There are five million women wage earners in the United States, three million of whom are engaged in factories and shops. The minimum cost of living, as established by the survey, requires from eight to nine dollars a week, or from four hundred to four hundred and fifty per annum. But sixty per cent of women wage earners get less than $325 annually and ninety per cent less than $500. Only five per cent receive $600.

The rising standard of living and the congested distribution leave as yet unsolved the problem of labor, and it cannot be solved until we pay attention to the impatient demand of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And now may He in whom we live and move and have our being, our God, Father and friend of those we love in the seen and the unseen, go with us and abide with us, our strength, our comfort and our joy forevermore. Amen.

CÆSAR AND CHRIST.

Proud Caesar came in strength of steel;
The panoply of war was his.
At his command men poured forth life,
The cities perished, nations fell.
He left as heritage a blood-stained tide;
He came, he scorned, he slaughtered—
And he died.

The meek Christ came, His strength the true,
A heart of love His panoply.
At His command men found their life,
The cities flourished, nations grew.
As heritage, the reign of peace He gives;
He came, He loved, He pitied—
And He lives.

Chicago. THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Lincoln, the Great Artist

An address delivered by Rev. D. Robb Zaring, Chicago, at the Christian Church, Louisville, Ky., Sunday evening, February 11, 1917.

It is with peculiar delight that I am on the platform here with Dr. Jones. Upon the first day of August, 1914, I was in Paris with fifty other men, members of a commission to settle the cause of peace forever. We got there just a little too late and we turned around and came back. Two years later Dr. Jones was over there for the same purpose. I doubt whether he succeeded any better than we did, and between us we decided to leave the matter in the hands of President Wilson and I think he will do a pretty good job of it.

For the few minutes that I am to appear before you, I would like to apply the strange adjective "artist" to Abraham Lincoln. We have heard of him as a great orator, as a great patriot, and all these different characteristics, but I would like to look at him as the world's great master artist.

Now, an artist is a man who externalizes his inner thought. As popularly conceived, artists are a very select company. Art, as we generally look at it, is confined to what we term the higher arts. One man conceives a great thought, he looks about for some method of expression and he seizes a chisel, goes to the block of marble and after long days of work, there comes from it his idea beautifully expressed. That man is an artist. Another man is possessed of the same great emotion, he cannot hold it, it is impossible, he passes by the block of marble, he seizes the brush and upon the canvas he works day after day and when he has completed his work, there comes from that canvas the same great emotion, though it is of a higher character and the great painters stand higher in the realm of art than the great sculptors. Another man, possessed of the same great emotion, cares not for the chisel, he cannot use the brush, but he walks to the instrument and there his soul comes forth in some great oratorio and the world is thrilled by the work of the great artist. A fourth man passes the chisel, the brush and the organ by, he takes the white page, and with his pen, writes upon it as the spirit moves him and when he is through there comes from that page a great epic. It is but another expression of the same great emotion. These four men are artists with different ways of expression; all have the same emotion, but have different forms of expression.

We call these established arts the higher arts and men usually stop just there with their conception of what art is, and those who produce this art are a very select few; I presume that all the real genuine artists of the world who can chisel in stone, paint, bring forth music, or write in artistic fashion, could be congregated in this room, and there would be plenty of seats to spare.

So the world has naturally divided itself into two classes of people, the artists, who devote their time to these great forms of expression, and you and me, who are just common every-day folk, who go about our daily work of trading, of working in a bank, or toiling upon a farm. And we have sacrificed and we have yielded far more than we should, because, as I conceive it, there is a still higher form of art that these forms do not reach.

Now, what is the artist, after all? An artist is one who is possessed of two things: first, he has a great thought to express; and, second, he has a perfect form, or comparatively perfect form of expression, and when you can bring to one party these two great qualities, you then have an artist. The trouble with most of us is that we have one or the other of these qualities and it is very seldom that the two come together in one body. There are those who have great thoughts and great emotions, but cannot express them.

But when you can find a man who has both the emotion and a God-given power of expression in one of these four forms I have named, you have an artist.

Now, with this foundation, I desire as briefly as possible, to lift art into the very highest plane and say, that the master artists of the world are those who express great thoughts in their very lives. For, after all, all art is but a desire for the expression of life itself. The picture of the Angelus, what is that but the desire to express great deep emotion in those peasants' hearts? But the man standing in the open field with his head bowed as the bell rings is more artistic still than the representation upon the canvas. So I say, men and women, that the highest form of art is that which comes in the expression of life itself in all the movements of that life in society. That lifts art into a high plane and puts it where you and I can be artists if we will only follow the light that God gives us and give our lives exclusively to the expression of these high thoughts.

And there is where Lincoln comes in, because, as I conceive it, God never gave to one man such wonderful thought and at the same time gave him such power of expression of that thought.

We do not think of Lincoln as an artist; no, he has not the features that we are in the habit of connecting with artistic thought; he did not dwell in an artistic realm as we think of it, but the more the life of Lincoln is studied, the more we peer into that great character, the more are we convinced that there has never been such an artistic expression of a great emotion and thought in this world by human kind as that which was given to the world by this man, so gentle, so humble, so insignificant in his own estimation; a man like a child, but a man, because of this element of humility, because of his childlikeness, emphasizing the fact that back of all this there were deep surging emotions borne from on high, and because this man marched steadily on without looking to the right or the left, to give these God-given powers expression, he finished the picture, and when he died he could say, as Christ has said, "It is finished."

Oh, it is a strange thing to apply the term "artistic" to Lincoln, but, friends, we can do it, and I think that as our conception of the really artistic grows, we will see how much more fully the life of Lincoln fills the great realm of artistic expression. I think if you will take that expression, you will find there the impulse of his whole life. He said, "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything." Artistic? He says, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the higher light I have. I must stand with any one who stands right and stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong." Artistic? I could stand here, men and women, until midnight, quoting the wonderfully artistic utterances of Lincoln, and the beauty of these

utterances is that which gives them life and the very thing which gives them life is that this man never gave voice to an expression that was not lived forth in his life before the entire world. Artistic? I can conceive of him in no better and no higher light than that he is the great master artist of the world. If the highest expression of art is in life, then Lincoln must be classed as one of the world's greatest artists.

He knew not the technique of chisel or brush. His voice was dumb to the sublime music within his soul, he penned no epic, he gave no philosophic system to the world, he performed no deeds of daring upon the field of carnage; and yet this man wrought mightily in life and art. From a shattered and distraught nation he brought a final note of harmony that has since swelled into a great anthem of praise. From the heart of a broken and uncouth people whose generations of bondage had all but crushed the dream of freedom, he caused sweet hope to blossom. He put a new song into the mouth of a once saddened and dumb people; he wrought into their being a strange, fierce desire to do and be as God had willed. He left others to work in pigments, to chip at marble, to trace with pen. He worked with human hearts and they became plastic under his magic touch. He is the inspiration of artists; the canvas has spoken, the marble has breathed, and many cities are graced with temples in his honor. But above all stands his life, strange in its beauty, incomparable in its grace, heroic in its proportions. His was an art we could all read and understand. It is America's highest expression of vital love which shall not dim with passing years, but glow with an immortal luster. The masterpieces of Angelo and Da Vinci are fast crumbling to dust and dissolving from view, but the work of this man's hand accrues luster with the passing years. It bears the stamp of immortality and all who gaze upon it exclaim, "Well done!" Humanity is happier because of this great artist.

Where shall we look for his masterpiece? It is not to be discovered upon the walls of any gallery. It is not to be found in any towering architectural pile. It emanates in no material expression. But about us, wherever we turn, we see it in the happy, hopeful faces of the multitudes. We hear it in the voice of hope coming from a race once in bondage but now freed for largest service. We find it in a land united in the bonds of national loyalty and love—no North or South, no East or West, but all singing the one anthem of praise, and all saluting the same flag that waves over a land cemented by the blood of martyrs.

An Open Letter to the Pastor of a Pasadena Church

My half hour, facing your prayer-meeting of several hundred Christian people the other evening, has resulted in my belief, as a program, in something which I said there that I believed in as a dream.

More than a year ago my father said to me: "Instead of appropriating Five Hundred Million Dollars for 'preparedness,' Congress ought to appropriate that much to be distributed among the warring nations at the close of the war, for the upbuilding of their civic life. Our business is not self-defense; it is world-safety."

Then it seemed to me a beautiful, impossible dream. Now I believe that this appropriation at the end of the war is a practical program. A measure more practical than perhaps any other, for one of the stones in the foundation of the new internationalism into which our national provincialism is to grow.

What if, at the close of the war, the United States were to say to the warring nations:

"We have appropriated Five Hundred Millions (or more) and we offer it to be distributed among you in proportion to your populations, to be used toward the rehabilitation of your civic life."

Professor Ferdinand Schwill, in the Germanistic Society's pamphlets, has said that war will not cease until there is a new dominant mind in the world—the mind of love. Unofficially the United States has expressed this mind toward Belgium, and we have forever cemented Belgium to us. Just once we have expressed this mind officially, in practical politics, and that was when we returned the Chinese indemnity after the Boxer trouble. No one forgets that. Professor Sidney Gulick has proposed that we officially give aid to Mexico by an appropriation to build up her schools. There is the mind of tomorrow, of today, if we will have it so. It is for us to choose whether we will ally ourselves with the way of Europe and yesterday, or with this new social conception of the international life.

Here it would seem that there lies no choice for the church of Christ. At least let us be honest. If we still believe it to be inevitable that we adjust social difficulties by means of physical wounds and death, let us not advocate these things under the name of Christ or of a Christian nation. Let us say, rather: "Except for my belief that, for the present, might makes right, I am a representative of a Christian church, a Christian nation."

Even from the standpoint of patriotism, what better thing could any citizen wish for his country than that it be written in history as the nation which first said to the warring nations:

"We will offer you every penny of our taxes that we can spare to help build anew that which has been destroyed. Now together, let us end war."

What nation of today would take unfair advantage of that spirit and that action? What nation of tomorrow would not look upon it with honor?

Until that evening before your people, this had seemed to me a dream of the future. But that evening has defined and crystalized this proposal to me, not as a dream, but as a hope and as a program.

Portage, Wis. ZONA GALE.

THE BOOK TABLE

An Old-New Word on Democracy*

This is the third edition of a book long known to thinkers and social workers, whose first copyright is dated fourteen years ago, announced by the present publisher as the work of "a writer upon whom has fallen the mantle of Henry George," the founder of a school of economic teaching which is in rapid ascendancy at this time, long since translated, but who reappears here in an affectionate memorial on the dedication page. Mr. Post's long editorial connection with *The Public*, with his gifted wife as assistant, are well known to readers of UNITY.

After a preface and introductory essay on the general use and meaning of the term democracy, the discussion proceeds through seven parts, comprising from three to seven chapters each. The main divisions are headed as follows: The Democratic Optimist, Individual Life, Business Life, Economic Tendencies, Politico-Economic Principles, Decoratic Government, Patriotism; the whole summed up in a Conclusion, The Great Order of Things. The volume opens with an excellent likeness of the writer and closes with a very full index. Its interest is enhanced by numerous extracts, prefacing each part, from the writings, prose and poetical, of liberal thinkers of our own and preceding generations.

Apart from the position he has won as the leader in a particular reform, Mr. Post is a radical of a broad, enlightened type on all lines of social progress and active human betterment. His writings are invariably lifted far above the plane of demogogic argument and mere partisan appeal, revealing a fine spirituality of tone and purpose and an uplifting philosophy which is essentially religious. One feels in either reading or listening to him that here is a man of absolute moral sincerity and unlimited reserves of faith and courage.

The temptation to quote is presented on every page, but a few lines gathered from the Introduction is all that space will permit. The misuse and partial apprehension of the term, democracy, are naturally touched upon first. There is a poor veneer of democratic sentiment which the "confirmed aristocrat" and pliable politicians of all parties show when consorting temporarily, for purposes of their own, with people of humbler station than their own: "No man is genuinely democratic merely because he associates upon terms of good fellowship with persons whom he regards as inferior,—not even if he likes it." The last words show a subtle insight, both humorous and penetrating, into the general problem, and the varying kinds of human behavior which make it a problem.

Yet behavior counts: "Genuine manners . . . those especially that spring from a living faith in the essential equality of man . . . are democratic in the truest sense." The democracy here sought "is generic, not partisan." It unites the ideals of the Democratic party "when that party is democratic," and finds many like ideals in the Republican party. We are not to forget "that there is a strain of democracy in both parties," the two being separate "branches of the same trunk." There was a democratic party of Jefferson and another of Lincoln, which in the general sum of events making up the history of both "made an enviable democratic record." The "ethical principle of democracy" lies in the sense of human brotherhood.

In conclusion, the alternating periods of a work-a-day materialism and a more refined and thoughtful idealism, which mark every epoch, are likened to the swinging pendulum. In the long, historic view contradictions blend into agreements, animosities of thought and action melt into peaceful understanding and a broader trust both in man and the universe. All changes making for progress, culture and human welfare bring, sooner or later, "the same recognition by man of the moral law that he has already given to physical law."

Mr. Post's book deserves a wide reading both by the special student and the more thoughtful general reader. It cannot be commended too highly for the vigor and sweet reasonableness of its thought, its prevailing tone of decisive and well-considered opinion on the writer's part and friendly, all-round understanding of opposing views.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Frederick Douglass Center, Chicago.

*Ethics of Democracy. Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $1.50.

The Social Criticism of Literature

We are told that somewhere, sometime, a paper was printed which bore under its title the warning, "This paper is published for those who think. All others who read it will do so at their own risk." A little book has recently been issued from Yale University Press which might carry the same motto.* Happily those who think are not confined to scholastic walls. There are many besides teachers of literature who may wish to know what value attaches to the task of the literary critic, what social benefit results, what enlargement of power and life may be traced to his work.

All this, and much more, is concisely presented in Miss Buck's little volume. The theme is set forth in orderly sequence through the four chapters, which present first the conflicting ideas concerning criticism which still prevail, and the larger criticism which includes and harmonizes them; then deals with the standards of criticism and discusses the function of the critic. This is of course the logical order; but it might happen that some readers are little interested in the conflicting definitions of criticism. Such would do well to begin by reading the closing chapter on "The Function of the Critic." It would be a pity for any to miss that, through judging from its opening survey of the theories of criticism that the book is not for them. Little doubt but that when the practical benefit and value of the social criticism of literature has caught their attention, they will read the author's exposition of it from the first page to the last.

*The Social Criticism of Literature. By Gertrude Buck, Ph.D., Professor of Literature in Vassar College. Yale University Press. 60 pp. Price, $1.00 net.

Otis Skinner has been telling us that acting is a process in which the audience as well as the actor has a part. This book reveals that a piece of literature is not merely an outgrowth from the mind of its writer, conditioned by the various historic, economic and literary elements in his environment; it includes no less its flowering in the mind of the reader. The critic who brings any book to a reader's attention at the precise moment when it will yield him the largest increase of capacity, has brought a vital influence to bear on social development. He furthers the activity of literature as an agent of social progress.

It is this principle that literature is not alone a creature but also a creator of the society it serves, that Miss Buck presents in a striking and convincing manner. Her book should appeal especially to readers of UNITY, who have long been taught through its columns to make use of literature as an efficient and far-reaching agent of social progress and of enlarging life.

—*Contributor.*

The Anti-War Protest

Recently UNITY printed an account of the great Anti-War meeting at the Coliseum in Chicago. Since that time, other similar meetings have been held, or are well under way, including those in Aurora, Detroit, Rockford, Milwaukee and the one in Worcester, Mass., addressed by Rev. Charles E. Beals, of which we have the following account:

Following four earnest anti-war speeches in Horticultural Hall, yesterday afternoon, 350 friends of peace unanimously indorsed resolutions protesting the entrance of the United States into the world conflict, and suggesting five alternative courses.

The alternatives named in the resolutions are postponement until after the war of any dispute which cannot be settled by peaceable means, keeping Americans off belligerent ships, refusing clearance papers to ships of any nationality carrying contraband and passengers at the same time, withdrawal of protection from American nationals on contraband ships, advising Americans to remain out of the danger zone or take the consequences.

Copies of the resolutions are to be sent to the president and congress, and the speakers urged those present to send individual petitions protesting war. The reading of the resolutions by Rev. Charles E. Beales, chairman, was accompanied with continued applause, and the entire meeting progressed smoothly. The advocates of a firm attitude by the government were conspicuous by their absence.

The speakers were Sylvester J. McBride, Watertown, and Prof. Arthur W. Calhoun of Clark college, representing the Socialist party; William H. Haskins of the Central labor union, representing organized labor, and Rev. Mr. Beals, who presided and delivered one of the principal addresses.

Rev. Mr. Beals took sharp issue with the advocates of war with Germany, and with the exponents of militarism. "I have two boys," he said, "and if compulsory military education is instituted I defy the government to take them for the army. *When the government is wrong the only place for self-respecting men is in jail.*

"I am against war with Germany or any other power, and in favor of any move to stop it, or stop the European conflagration. I am against the League to enforce peace, a band of four or five militaristic nations organized to police the world and exploit the undeveloped countries of the Orient for profit. And I had ancestors in the Revolution.

"We have reached the most critical stage in American history. We must give up militarism or democracy; they cannot exist together. Already there is a bill before congress for a peace censorship, and bills like that will be easily passed through the smoke arising from the battlefields.

"They say," continued Rev. Beals, "that all militarism is not necessarily undemocratic. But in Australia, America's model for her people's army, 22,000 young men were sent to jail because their conviction was against military service. Habeas corpus does not exist in Europe, it will not exist in America at war. An army officer will take the place of 12 men in a jury box.

"At the time of the Spanish-American war I was a wild-eyed patriot. I saw red. I remembered the Maine. And at its close William Randolph Hearst said 'It was my war.' I might have been killed if my company got to the front, for Mr. Hearst is now trying to get our boys into Mexico.

"There is always the trail of profit across a battlefield, and the men who howl the loudest do not fight. They collect. Personally I am beginning to think we will never eliminate war until we eliminate the profit system." This concession to the philosophy of the Socialists brought a round of cheering for the presiding officer.

Rev. Mr. Beals brought his speech to a close in a sonorous peroration, in which he bitterly scored the idea of ending war by war, or, as he expressed it, "attaining peace by slaughter."—From the *Worcester Daily Telegram*, February 19, 1917.

CORRESPONDENCE

Chicago, February 7, 1917.

My Dear UNITY:—

It is positively refreshing to find such a spirit of sane, clear thinking and expression about the war as shown in the last copy of UNITY, as against the tense, excited, eager spirit of readiness to plunge into the struggle at the least provocation of a certain kind, and the loud demand for military preparedness, universal military training, etc., evident in nearly all newspapers, in reports of meetings of organizations, and even by ministers of the gospel of "the Meek and Lowly One," "the Prince of Peace." If ever there was a time when reason should guide instead of sentiment, it is at present. A calm counting of the cost and a cool consideration of duty on the higher plane of spirit—of the spiritual man created in the image and likeness of God, able to be a full son of God by becoming in tune with the Great Spirit's attributes of Life, Truth, Love, Peace, Joy, Beauty—should rule in a sufficiently large number of hearts to sound an effective protest against departure from neutrality, and from the honorable attitude of non-militarism which has so far distinguished this people, and which has been one of the lodestones that have drawn much of the best blood of Europe to these shores.

Now, of all times, when the end of the war-craze period is actually in sight, should this great nation refuse to be carried off its feet by the loud cry of demagogues, the groundless threat of invasion, and the waving of flags with appeals to "patriotism" and the glory of upholding our "honor." Glory not, said the great Persian teacher, "in that you are a citizen of your country, but rather in that you are a citizen of the world, for ye are all leaves of one tree, drops of one ocean, children of one God." I hope UNITY at least will continue to uphold the banner of peace and good will, now and henceforth.

Fraternally yours,
S. S. VAN DER VAERT.

BETWEEN THE EYES.

He—"Why, I see in all races the man's brain averages ten per cent heavier than the brain of the woman."

She—"The same thing may be said of man's feet; but they are no more useful to him than are a woman's feet to her."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

VII.

John Knox 1505-1572

"Conscience, Madam, requireth knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge ye have none."

—*John Knox.*

John Knox is too often, and unfairly, estimated as an understudy of John Calvin, as one who derived his inspiration from Calvin and whose business it was to carry out and apply the lessons of Calvin. Carlyle gives us a very different viewpoint. He speaks of him as "the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt." And further:

Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or, what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England.

Knox was born on the waves of that reform that had started in Germany, spread into France and was well along in England. He was the father of the Reformation in Scotland. Calvin was the thinker, the philosopher, but Knox was the Luther of Scotland, the great preacher and fighter. And whatever is best and excellent, and there is much of it, in Scotch history, is inevitably associated with and indebted to Knox.

Knox's early years were spent in regrettable obscurity. He had a university experience at Glasgow, although his name does not appear among the graduates; he studied law but does not seem to have practiced it, the only indication of the study being a ragged little legal document drawn up by Knox. After 1530, when he took priest's orders, he became a schoolmaster, was one of the virile forces that introduced popular education, and probably belongs in that great line of pedagogues that ends in Horace Mann and Colonel Parker. In the capacity of tutor to some favored children he was living near St. Andrews, a fortress as well as a cathedral town on the shores of Scotland, when the Reformation surged that way. Patrick Hamilton, the earliest martyr in Scotland, first enlisted his interest, and later came George Wishart, the "beloved disciple," the story of whose martyrdom is one of the sweetest in the history of the Protestant Reformation. Knox, a militant in those days when militancy had some excuse, met Wishart in his itinerary and, bearing his two-handed sword, followed him from place to place as he preached his heretical doctrine. But when the crisis came and it was clear that for Wishart there was but one end possible, echoing his Master who rebuked Peter, he insisted that Knox lay aside his sword.

Unlike the Germans the Scotch went promptly into the martyr business, and Wishart's burning was followed by many hundred martyrdoms. While this attempted suppression of Protestantism was being carried on by Catholic forces under a Catholic Queen, Knox took refuge in the fortress of St. Andrews, from which when assaulted by the French he was carried off a prisoner, and for two years served under the French government literally as a galley slave at the oars.

Even under these circumstances the band of Scotchmen were stalwart and brave. All Catholics were supposed to remove their hats when the Ave Marie bell was struck. The Scotchmen kept theirs on and if caught without them immediately put them on.

The story is told that as a possible extenuating clause in their imprisonment, French officers offered to the prisoners the image of the Virgin Mary to kiss. When offered to Knox, instead of kissing the "painted brodd" he threw it into the water, saying, "Let our Lady now save herself. She is light enough."

The French grew tired of disciplining their prisoners and at the end of two years gave them their freedom. Knox landed at London, seemed to have a feeling that he belonged in Scotland, but instead went to Geneva and there spent two years of study, probably the serenest period of his life. He was welcomed and recognized as a valuable assistant by Calvin, and it is likely had more to do with that mighty civic force, the municipal administration of Geneva, and in formulating the Protestantism that grew out of that life, than he is usually credited with.

When forty years old he went back to Scotland and, like Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, was snatched out of his chosen line of work and yielded to the demand to preach. He proved to be a preacher *par excellence*, and could write, and won great fame as an interpreter of the scriptures.

At this distance we are interested in Knox as a great stalwart forerunner of Puritanism. He more than any other man formulated the creed of the Puritans, and in his life established the standards of character and conduct which make Puritanism gracious and persuasive.

His rudeness in the presence of Queen Mary is looked upon by the good Catholic as an outrage to a sweet, angelic Queen. The Protestant would say the times called for the kind of handling to which Knox was equal.

Fortunately we have preserved still a History of the Reformation in Scotland from Knox's own pen. It is sketchy and somewhat ragged; we can see that the editors have had trouble with the manuscript and have had to revise it, but it is very illuminating and though he kept himself much in the background, is the best introduction that one can find to John Knox. The quaint diction has been preserved in modified spelling, and just as a taste of the book, read the request of a "merry gentleman named Lyndsay" to the Archbishop:

"My Lord, if ye burn any more, except ye follow my counsel, ye will utterly destroy yourselves. If ye *will* burn them, let them be burnt in how (underground) cellars; for the reek (smoke) of Master Patrick Hamilton has infected as many as it blew upon!" Thus, it pleased God that they should be taunted in their own faces.

The ill-timed publication of the tract called "The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women" brought Knox under the dis-

pleasure of Queen Mary, although he claimed that it was written "most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England" (Queen Mary Tudor). In her interviews with Knox the Queen stood up and talked back and Knox did not mince matters.

Queen Mary. "Yea, but ye are not the Kirk that I will nourish. I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for it is, I think, the true Kirk of God."

John Knox. "Your *will*, Madam, is no reason; neither doth your *thought* make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ. Wonder not, Madam, that I call Rome an harlot; for that church is altogether polluted with all kinds of spiritual fornication, as well in doctrine as in manners. . . ."

Queen Mary. "My conscience is not so."

John Knox. "Conscience, Madam, requireth knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge ye have none."

This conscience business is overworked by the intellectually lazy, by the narrow, conventional, conservative. Conscience in its best conception is a judge on the bench, or a jury in the panel; conscience gives its decision on the evidence offered. You cannot excuse foolish, narrow beliefs on the score that your conscience speaks; be sure that your conscience is informed.

Further in the conversation the Queen said, "Ye interpret the Scriptures in one manner and they (the Pope and his Cardinals) in another. Whom shall I believe? Who shall be judge?"

And Knox answered, "Ye shall believe God, that plainly speaketh in His Word." The Mass was one bone of contention. The Papists affirming that it was the ordinance of God, a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead. John Knox said, "We affirm that it is nothing but the invention of man," and insisted that it had small ground within the word of God. The bedrock of Puritanism is found in the "Book"; it is the ultimate court of appeal. Queen Mary believed in a plus to that book which was not to be interpreted by incompetent laymen but by God's chosen representatives on earth; the priests, the cardinals, the Pope, the church and its institutions. It was a battle of giants and we wonder at the gracious words of Knox on his departure:

"I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the Commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the Commonwealth of Israel."

Professor Tulloch, in his exceedingly interesting lecture, gives a picture of the less stern side of the character of Knox. He was married twice with no evidence to show but that he was happy in both marriages. He loved children; in his last days sought the companionship of students and continued to preach even when he had to be carried to his pulpit. Tulloch writes:

"In August, 1572, he was enabled, by a truce between the contending parties, to return to Edinburgh. He was no longer able to preach in his old church, and the Tolbooth was fitted up for him. Here, in the course of September, he thundered his dying denunciations against the perpetrators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This crowning stroke of the great reactionary party in France touched him to the quick, verifying all his predictions, and plunging him in the deepest sadness for his many martyred friends. He imprecated, with his last breath, the vengeance of Heaven upon the accursed murderers; and his cry, with that of others, went up before the throne with an "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints!

In the second week of November he was seized with a severe cough, and his end visibly drew near. He arranged his affairs; paid his servants' wages, with twenty shillings over, as the last they would ever receive from him; and so set his house in order. At his request his wife read to him from the Bible and after prayer he fell into a trance and "sleepit away without ony pain."

We recoil from the severity of Puritan dogmatism, and yet back of it lies a sensitiveness to things divine, a consciousness of spiritual trust, a responsibility without which the soul is in a bad way. There is no outward habit more menacing to the spiritual sensitiveness of today than that which disregards the privileges of Sunday. Discipline, the routine of religious observances are scaffoldings; we cannot build a house without some kind of place to stand on while the walls are going up. Let us guard our liberality which we owe to such men as Theodore Parker and Emerson, both of Puritan stock, lest it become indifference and lest in our freedom we become complacent.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was Carlyle's estimate of John Knox?
(2) Which was the older, Knox or Calvin?
(3) What early settlements in this country were affected by John Knox?
(4) What is the contribution of the Puritan to the world today?

SO SINGS NEW IRON

Sired by fire and mountain-born, and torn from its sheltering breast
To serve the need, or the strength and greed, of a world of strife and rest;
The share of peace, or the shaft of war—'Tis mine to curse and bless,
To preach the gospel of honest toil or the creed of fearlessness.

To bow the oak at woodman's stroke, and call the corn to life,
To bear and send, to make and mend for husbandman and wife;
To forge the brand for warrior's hand, to give and guard the right
In every land where he may stand and with his foeman fight.

Where the crimson rain from thousands slain is showered on the trampled sod,
And the strife-tide swells in a surge of blood that cries to the throne of God;
'Mid the mocking laugh of gun-lit seas, and the awful crash and groan
When great ships lock in deadly shock or sink in the dark alone.

Old as the world and young as the day, and hurled from the hand of Fate,
I come new-born, of power unshorn, a message of love or hate.
What joys, what woes I shall cause, who knows, in the days that are to be?
What souls I shall sink in the depths of Hell, or bless through eternity?

Slayer and healer, and friend and foe, the worst and the best to man;
Strength to his hand since the earliest days when the work of the world began;
Wreathed with roses or red with rust, War's frown or the smile of Peace;
A curse or a blessing, to come and go till the work of the world shall cease.

From "Harper's Magazine."

—Charles Coleman Stoddard.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

Brief Statement of a Course of Six Lectures on UNITED STATES—PACE MAKER OR PEACE MAKER

By MR. CHARLES ZUEBLIN, Boston.
Author of *American Municipal Progress.*

United States—Pace Maker or Peace Maker.

No one who thinks at all thinks in terms of 1913. The world is having convulsions of thought. The United States has been infected by the European military fever. Hasty legislation has been passed in answer to the demand for "preparedness," but we are no better "prepared" than before. While the enthusiasm lasts can we not think out the problem of America's preparation not for belligerency, or merely for defense, but for stewardship? What are the national and international responsibilities of the newest, richest and freest world power?

1. Alien or American?

The farther our people get from Europe in geography or time, the more American they should be. Are all the old families assimilated? Immigrants came in a million a year before the European war. One-third of our people are foreign or have one foreign parent. Ten million natives have African blood. The West is less alien than the East. Is not America being determined there?

2. Transportation for Speculation or Strategy?

A nation cannot be unified without a transportation system. We have none. We have more miles of railway than Europe, but one-third of it is needless duplication. We have the most luxurious trains but at the expense of highways and waterways. We must have either a single private system or a public system if we are to face the world. A single private corporation is unthinkable.

3. Marine, Submarine, and Merchant Marine.

We cannot dispense with a navy yet, but must we build one to defend our three coasts or our possessions in Asia? Shall we have dreadnoughts or submarines? Who will pay the bills for an adequate navy? The present experience of the world tells us that the one thing imperative for war or peace is a merchant marine. We might change the psychology of the world, if every naval man could serve part time on a peace ship carrying goods to the ends of the earth.

4. Standing Army or Working Army?

We must have no army or an adequate army. Germany gives us a tragic warning against military preparedness, but if the army breeds war at least Germany's superb military machine does not give school boys military training. If the world is not ready for peace it needs military engineers more than drill-masters. If all boys and girls were trained for national service the fangs of militarism would be drawn but the nation would be fit.

5. Feudal or Democratic Industry?

All preparedness is national suicide if the workers can have no voice in their affairs and no claim to the land. Every other feudal state has fallen. What will save ours? We have hopeful experiments in industrial democracy. The government is beginning to regulate labor as well as corporations. A national working army might make every boy and girl an apprentice in industrial democracy.

6. Federalism and World Organization.

The federal organization of the United States has been a model for other countries followed intimately by Switzerland, Canada, Germany and Australasia. In view of the crudities of federal government in America, its success has been amazing. The essence of federal government—home rule—has not yet been worked out; community, state, and nation still have their functions confused. Nevertheless, the principle of federalism is triumphant over partisanship, race antagonism, economic conflict, and provincialism. Is a world-wide Monroe Doctrine impossible? Is the United States of the World chimerical?

LINCOLN CENTRE FELLOWSHIP.

Poetry seemed to be an appropriate subject of thought for the February meeting of the Lincoln Centre Fellowship. Mrs. Woolley announced that we had one with us, of whom Richard Le Gallienne wrote to a friend some years ago, that he had discovered a delightful young poet in Chicago. This young girl proved to be Miss Julia Cooley, who favored us with recitations of several original poems to the accompaniment of music composed for her, and executed by Miss Edith Lobdell. The group of poems were as follows: "The Song of the Fauns and Nymphs," "Song of the Wind," "April Rain," and "The Dance of Youth."

Following these Mr. Llewellyn Jones, Literary Editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*, spoke on "The Tendencies in Modern Poetry." Mr. Jones illustrated his theme by reading excerpts from different poems, to show that the new movement is very definitely distinguished from the Victorian poetry.

Some present-day poets think that poetry must come back to the common things of life for vitality. So we have Chicago poets writing about the ordinary street scenes of the city. John M. Synge, who was an invalid, chose the rough things of life, which were his own opposite, to write about. There are the Imagists, and those who use Free Verse. Amy Lowell thinks that rhythm should change with every emotion. She claims that Imagism cannot be defined, but it makes more or less of a picture, which is a very clear impression and depicts the scene just as it appears to the poet, and not as it is thought out after the emotion aroused has grown cold. Contrast some of Tennyson's poems.

Robert Bridges was mentioned as being more radical in technique than some others. He tried to write the same style as Coleridge, who wrote a sort of free verse. England occupies a middle ground; she takes the old subjects and treats them in the new method. Rupert Brooke is the most popular for his war poems, although he had written some verse before the war. He had the gift of satire, and used this gift in his presentation of the orthodox view of heaven.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has given us some poems on the social situation. His sympathy for, and insight into the lives of the poor is revealed in his poem called "Geraniums." The grotesque in poetry was illustrated by A. D. Ficke's "Cafe Sketches," where beauty is shown by contrasts in ordinary subjects.

A most remarkable book of verse showing the spiritual tendencies of the day is by Adelaide Crapsey, especially the poem entitled, "To the Dead in the Graveyard Underneath My Window," written on her own death-bed.

Miss Cooley read another splendid poem entitled "Completion," and the meeting closed with a short discussion.

A. E. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

By Charles J. Woodbury.

"An Artilleryman's Diary."

Just a soldier-boy's diary; and he would have let it rot; but he was overruled—and it is well. Well, indeed, to mark how the suffering and misery;

the toil and strain of the boy endured and ripened into the power that has made him the manliest of men; for the boy was Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

A man can be a man even in hell, I think.

He was. He descended into it and there abode for three years. This is his own record, as published not by himself nor for himself; but by the Wisconsin history commission, "original papers No. 8."

It is vital for the youth of today to see in these pages how this our foremost man, was born in the boy; how he fought his way through the character-destroying ordeals of army life.

Though a youth, he was a serious soldier. He yielded not one departure from his unusual standard of what a young man in soldier life should be. He sought the good influences even when they were not abreast of him. He attended all assemblies of religious people although his faith was none of theirs. He prayed. His bible was his comrade-at-arms. He avoided all the cheap publications which, after arid intervals, flooded the little tents. He read the Atlantic, and the Atlantic was not then what it is now. It was heavy reading. His demeanor was a distinction. He did not believe in war. His potency was peace then, even as it is his power now. But he served. Hear him:

"We belched our terror to traitors from Corinth, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, through the mud of Mississippi, across the bayous of Louisiana and the mountains of Tennessee. Once, the enemy was 5,000 strong; our force, all told, 1,500. So confident of success were they that a flag of truce was sent demanding our surrender. Three times did they charge us in vain. A little before sundown, after an all day's fight, they broke and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands. Our loss was 722 men. Captain Dillon said, 'Sixth Wisconsin battery (this was Jones' battery) open fire on them.' And we did. The six pieces went off almost simultaneously, and we were enveloped in a cloud of powder smoke; then again; then once more until there were no more shells. Then we ceased firing—and the enemy had disappeared."

He sketches Hunter, Sherman, Grant:

"Major General Hunter, inspector general, glittering with military pomp, gaudy tassels, etc. Sherman, apparently in a brown study, walking with his hands in his pockets, more like a farmer than a general. Then the modest, unassuming Grant, dressed in plain blue, no glitter or decorations, except the small stars on his shoulders."

The book is a convincing prohibition tract. The boy fought whisky from the start. He tells how long and how nobly officers and men battled with the terrible fire that followed the explosion in Chattanooga, June 9, 1865. Finally, they conquered, the victory won by order, discipline and invincible daring. Then "when the imminent danger was over and the flames somewhat checked, some officers, prompted by the devil or some other demon, ordered whisky barrels rolled out and the heads knocked in around our fire engines. And what a change. The strong arms of men working in sober earnestness were stopped by these more deadly fires, the air rent with yells and oaths, fit only for pandemonium. It was heart-sickening.

The young man's army life from 1862 to 1865 was one long suffering. Disease was his companion. Weak and tottering from smallpox, two weeks immuned in the hospital, his life hardly kept, he emerged, a wreck from the convalescent ward to enter sentry duty. He weathered all this. He served all through the siege of Vicksburg.

"May 21, 1863, a flag of truce comes from Pemberton, offering possession of the city if allowed to pass out with side arms. It was declined." "July 5, we entered Vicksburg in front of Carr's original line." "Monday, April 10, 1865, 11 a. m., a bit of paper no bigger than my hands, was distributed with the words, 'Lee has surrendered his army on terms which I dictated. U. S. Grant.'"

Do you suppose any other soldier of the union during three years of service could practice such self-denial as is shown by this financial account of the young man on one of the last pages of his diary?

"Aug. 28, 1862, received advance bounty and premium.....$ 29.00
Dec. 2, 1863, total pay for year 177.02
Nov. 6, 1864, total pay for year 142.00

Total $248.02

Nov., total amount sent home.. 265.00"

This leaves $83.02 spent by our hero on himself; added to which may be $77 more, which he retained for personal use from $256.95, his final pay from the government.

So he reached a home he had never seen, July 3, 1865. His line on this is both pathetic and amusing: "Among other kindnesses I had bread and milk."

The book is illustrated with portraits of officers and comrades; and, notably, for frontispiece, a perfect portrait of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, himself. There is a well-prepared index.

—Charles Woodbury.

Oakland Enquirer, Jan. 4, 1917.

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